

HE WAS A SINGER

—BY—

W.A. CRAUSE.

Author of
"The same
old story."

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VAL. A. REIS
MUSIC CO.

THE POPULAR
ST. LOUIS MUSIC HOUSE
ST. LOUIS MO.

Supplement
to the
Sunday
Post-Dispatch
SUNDAY

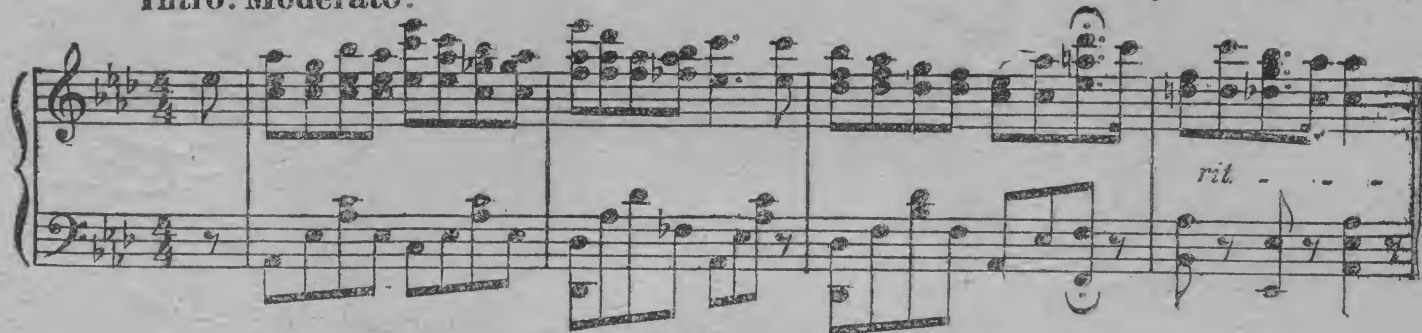
JUNE 30 1901



HE WAS A SINGER.

Words and Music
by W. A. CRAUSE

Intro. Moderato.



1 A poor old man with care-worn face passed slow-ly down the street
2 The sing-ing ceas'd ap-please rang thro' the man-sion loud and clear While

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Man-sions stood on ev-ery side where wealth and fash-ion meet 'Twas
just out-side the stran-ger stood and shed a si-lent tear Two

The piano accompaniment for the next two lines of the song is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

New Year's eve and all was gay with-in a home that night His
gen-tle-men a-bout to leave had stepp'd out-side the door He

The piano accompaniment for the final two lines of the song is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

thoughts re - turned to for - mer years at that fa - mil - iar sight He
 stood a - side to let them pass they ne'er had met be - fore I

paused, a mo - ment at the sound of sing - ing sweet and low Then
 love to hear the sing - ing sir you won't ob - ject I know I

qui - et - ly drew near the door from whence the sound did flow It
 used to sing that same old song not man - y years a - go He

was a dear - old lov - ing song he sang in a by - gone day He
 told the sto - ry of his life when he had wealth and fame They

was a sing-er of re-nown but sad-ly went, a-stray
both re-called the stran-ger when in sor-row told his name

rit

CHORUS. Andante.

He was a singer, in days long long a-go, His voice has lost its.

sweetness, his form is bending low. Man-y hearts were brightened with

colla voce *a tempo*

songs so sweet to last He was a sing-er, but his day has passed